

ANI> PARTHENOPHE.
SONNETS- 375



'SONNET' LX.

WHILST some, the Trojan wars in verse
recount,
And all the Grecian conquerors in fight;
Some, valiant Roman wars 'bove stars do
mount,
With all their warlike leaders, men of
might: Whilst some, of British ARTHUR'S
valour sing,
And register the praise of
CHARLEMAGNE ; And some, of doughty
GODFREY tidings bring.
And some, the German broils, and wars of
Spain ; In none of those, myself I wounded
find,
Neither with horseman, nor with man on
foot; But from a clear bright eye, one
Captain blind
(Whose puissance to resist, did nothing
boot) With men in golden arms, and darts
of gold^
Wounded my heart, and all which did
behold!

SONNET LXI.



0 NONE but to PROMETHEUS, me
compare ! From sacred heaven, he
stole that holy fire. I, from thine eyes,
stole fire ! My judgements are For to be
bound, with chains of strong Desire, To that
hard rock of thy thrice cruel heart! The
ceaseless waves, which on the rocks do
dash Yet never pierce, but forced, backward
start; Those be these endless tears, my
cheeks which wash! The vulture, which is,
by my goddess' doom, Assigned to feed upon
mine endless liver; Despair, by thee
procured ! which leaves no room For
JOCULUS to jest with CUPID'S quiver. This
swallows worlds of livers, spending few; But
not content—0 god! shall this be true ?